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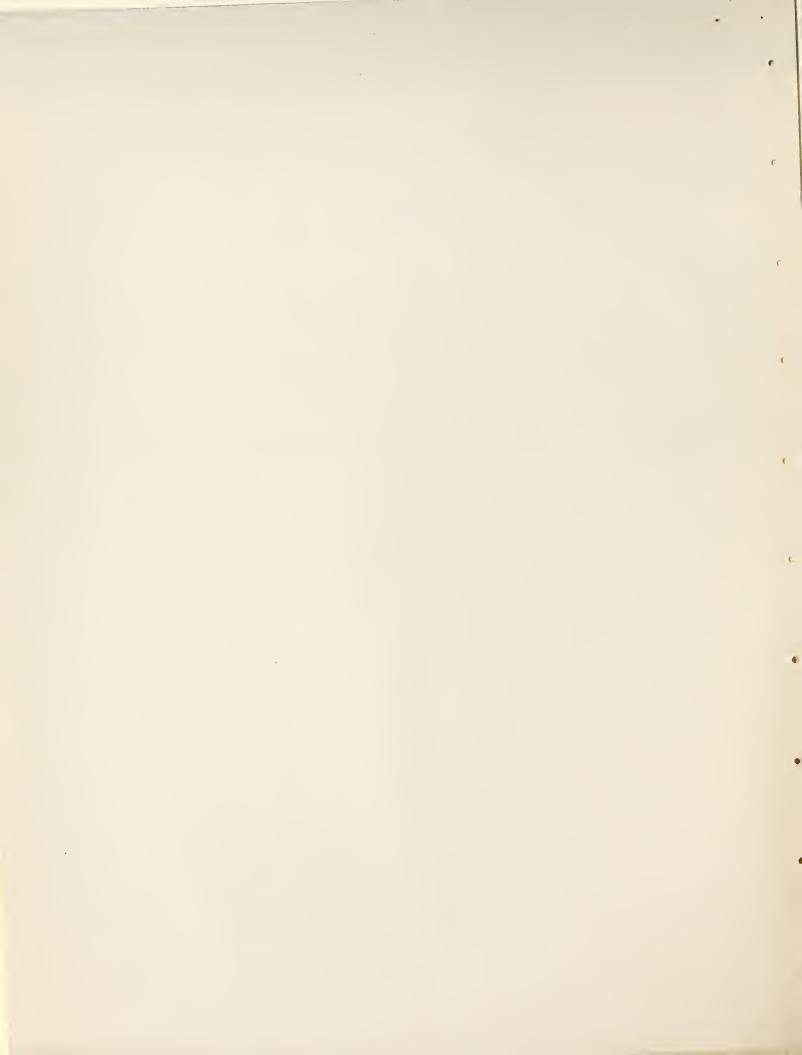
NBC

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

**ENGINEER** 

REMARKS

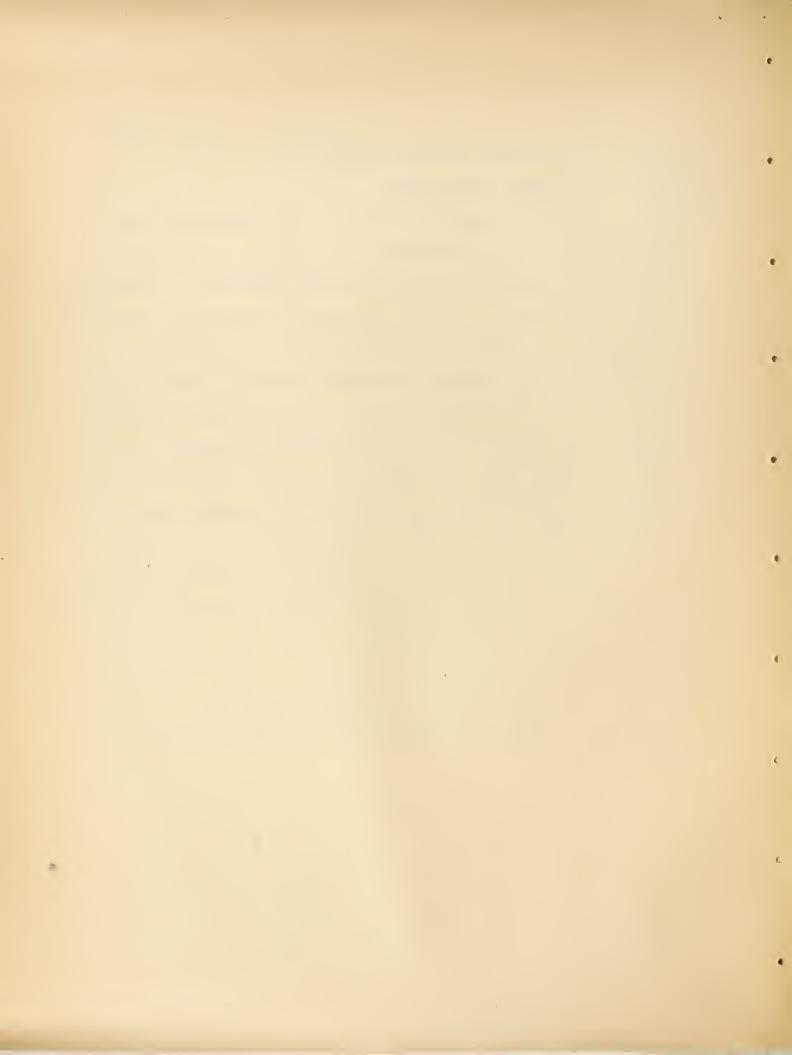


AMMOUNCER: "Unol Sam' " Forage Rengers" --

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: READER SERG

District, here our friend Ranger Jim Anhoire is in him job as guardian and member of the public forest resources leavy of the great members of the country are in large part within the boundaries of the Country are in large part within the doubt series of the forests, time are protected and administrate by the Februal C versus on for the mea and unformed and the proofs of the United States. The will flue the National Forests freely open to you for all legitimate composes. The few regulation hat apply to issue at legitimate composes. The few regulation hat apply to issue it for the protection of the forest, the selection of public health and the perpendition of the perpendition of the public health and the perpendition of the perpendi

We'l, we're going up to the Pine Gone Rhoger Station now and spend a limite while with sharps Jir and Bose Rolling during f'all eneming at home account the firstplace. Looks the a few of the neighbors dive dropped to for the systems — you became Mary Malloway the school perduce at Mining Grade, and a courts of other tolks. Mayor terrill yet Hanger Jim in a story-telling mood — Hore way has



JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, I'm sure glad you folks dropped in

tonight. Bess and I were just saying we hoped somebody

would stop into the Ranger Station tonight so's to give

us an excuse to pop some corn in the fire place.

VOICE: That sure sounds good, Jim. Fire's just right to pop

corn.

JIM: Yep.

BESS: (GOING OFF) I'll get the long-handled poppers right now,

Jim.

JIM: That's fine. -- Move up a little closer to the fire, Chude

why don't you? I'll let you handle one of the poppers whal-

I handle the other.

MARY: Oh, let me take the other one, Mr. Robbins. Then you can

tell us a story.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Who, me? I don't know any stories.

MARY: Oh yes, Mr. Robbins, please. Tell us some stories about

the Forest Service. -- We all want him to, don't we?

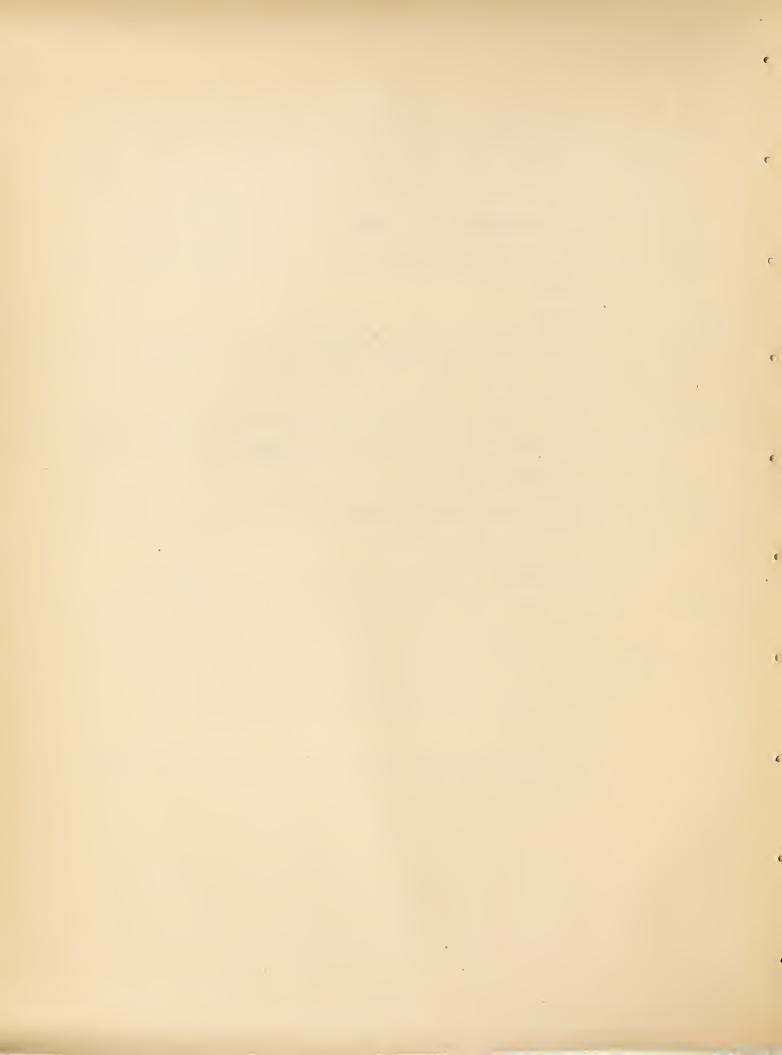
(TWO OR THREE VOICES: "We sure do" - "You bet," etc.)

MARY: There. Now, you've got to Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Well ---

BESS: (COMING UP) Here's the poppers, Jim. They're all filled

all ready.



JIM: Fine. Here, you take this one. Chuck.

MARY: Let me have the other one.

JIM: All right.

Now let's have that story. VOICE:

Story huh? What do you want me to tell about? JIM:

Tell us that you did today. Mr. Robbins. MARY:

Today? -- Ob I spent most of the day tryin' to lesy our JIM: lives ock grazing permittees satisfies. We're getting more applications for grazing permits on the National Porest his year tar we've got range for -- I'm afraid

it's going to be a ough job keeping everybody happy.

TOICE: I recken it is.

JIN: (CHUCKIES) Some of these ranchers around here certainly can do plenty of arguing. -- Wrich reminds me -- I jus. heard the other day that my old friend You Cang had di

MART: You Cang?

JIN. Yep. I reckon You Cang as he Fore t Service's only Chirese grazing permittee, He was a modest, mild mannered mort spoken ald man all the time, except then it came to be grazing permit, and ober he sure could put up a hot angular to he Rangels

VOICE: What was this. Jim?



JIN:

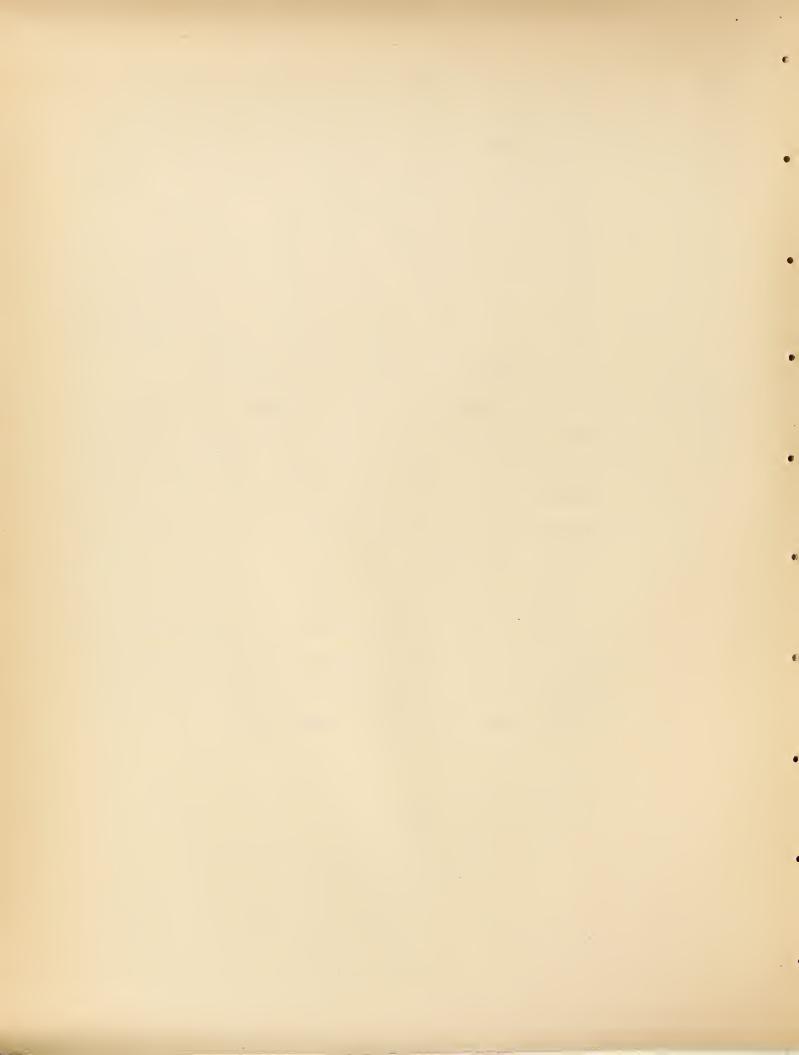
Down on the Coronado National Forest in Arizona. You Cang was a sort of a "fixture" on the Coronado. He'd live in the region since long before the National Forest came into being, and nobody knew how old he was. He kept a little store near Washington Camp. — You Cang was soft-spoken and modest. like I said, but he knew how to take care of himself. Once a bunch of hard hombres from Mexico rode up and raided his store, but You Cang showed 'em he was a hard-shooting hombre himself. He got two of 'em and chased the others back to Mexico.

VOICE:

JIM:

I guess he could take care of himself, all right.

Yep. -- Well, in spite of all the arguments over grazing allotments, You Cang was a mighty good friend of the Rangers. When this country entered the War, he was rated as an alien and so was in danfer of losing his grazing permit. He claimed he was born in California, though, and was an American Citizen. Anyway, the boys helped him get a special order from the Secretary of Agriculture so he could hold his permit to graze cattle on the Forest. -- I reckon he was a better American citizen than some I've heard of that hold claim to that title.



The rangers sat that he got a square deal, hul?

JIM: Yep.

WART: Here Wis popperfull is ready Mrs. Robbins.

BREE: Empty it in the dishpan here, Mary. We'll want to post a post of corn while we're at it.

Till have to be a senaful right now.

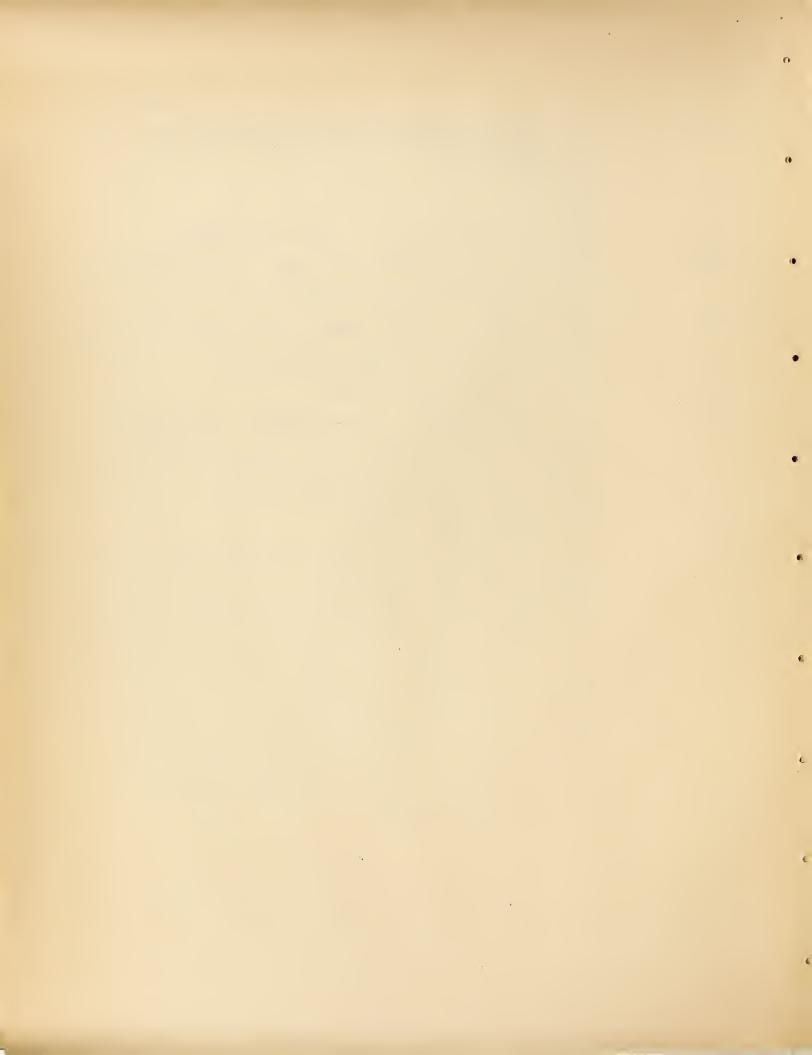
rege: Ob, were will I well it die.

Jan's wait. -- Jan -- (FITH MONTHFUL) Sycaking of solf -Resinds me of the time so had a boach of limber-models on
torking on the Coccount Portonal Forest --

MARY Mar nappened. Mr. Roboton's

Taking varue doing our cooking -- end all the rest of more acing a lat of grandling and sicking about the first of the collecty defects of the poor relief that happened to have the cooking job, no matter which one is that -- fell finally sawy got up an agreement among the coes that has next one to make may decoyator, remarks about the foot world gas the job dooring right when and there.

BERS: Bot a had rule, at that.



up pronto, and for a long time there wasn't a single or about the food. The fellow that was holding down the as master of the frying pan began to think he was start of the job for the rest of the season. So he began turning out the awfulest concections he could throw together — undealt by the handful — and still no kicks. — Finally one morning, the boys were eating breakfast — suffering in silence — but pretty soon one of the boys took a sip on his coffee and wint right up in the air. "By crickery" he hollered, "this doggone coffee's saltier than a flock of oceans — BUT — but he adds quickly, "That's just the ay I like it."

## (LAUGHTER)

MARY: Well - now see if this pop-corn's too salty, Mr. Robbins

JIM: Nope -- (CHUCKLES) Just the way I like it.

BESS: You'd better say that.

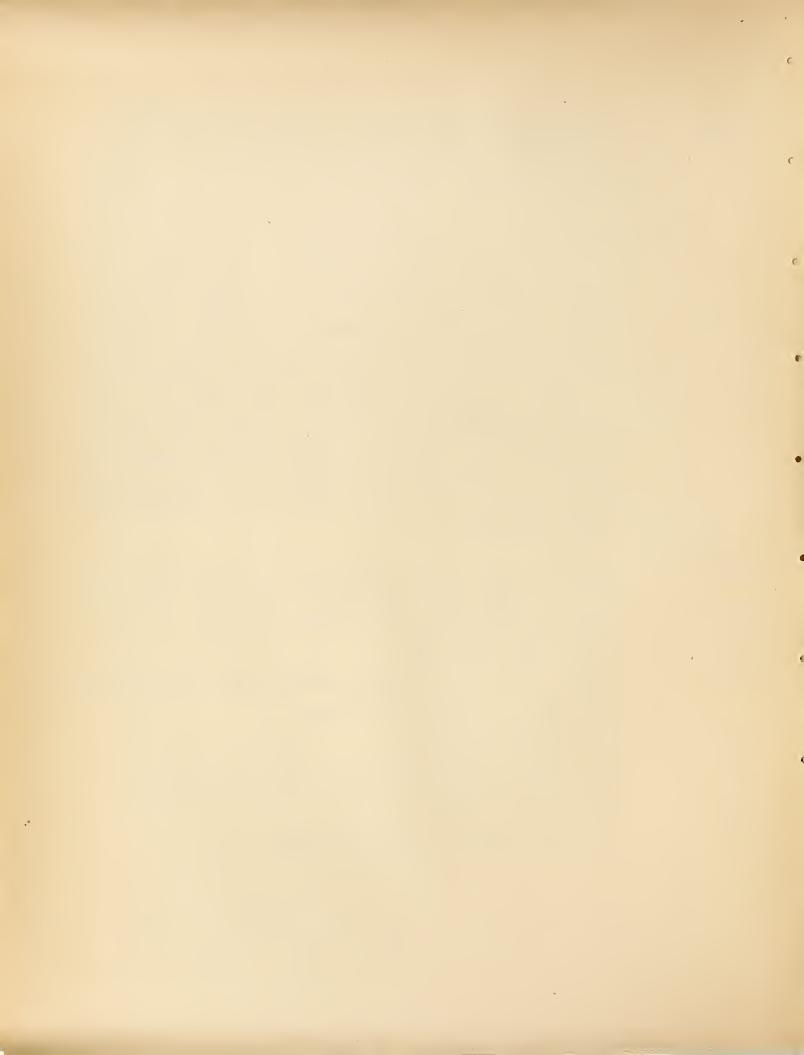
JIM: Sure. You couldn't find any better corn - from the Chugan' (pr. Choo' - gatch) to the Ocala.

MARY: Where's the Chugach?

JIM: The Chugach National Forest? -- way up in Alaska.

MARY There's the Ocala?

JIM: The Ocala Forest is down in Florida.



VOICE: You sure go from one extreme to the other with your

National Forests.

JIM: Yep. There's plenty of variety, all right. Nearly

every important forest type in the country is represented

in the National Forests.

MARY: What is the Ocala National Forest like?

JIM: Well, it's a little bit different from what you're used to

on the Pine Cone. For instance, one of the new campground

the Forest Service has fixed up for auto tourists is in

grove of fine old oaks, with the Spanish moss hanging down

in beautiful long streamers. Then there's a fringe of

palmettos all around.

VOICE: That's different, all right.

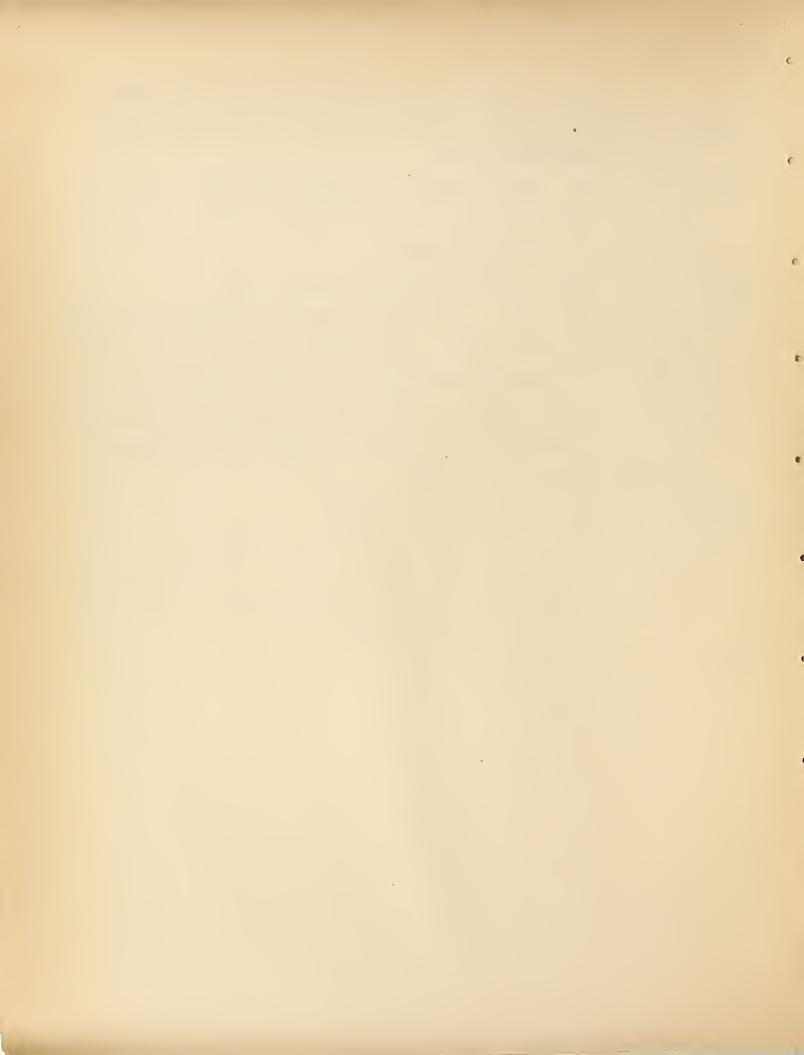
JIM: They call the Ocala the fisherman's paradise. There's a

lot of lakes around there, and you can catch croppies and

bass and other kinds of good eating fish. -- Then if you

want to go alligator hunting --

MARY: Oooh -- not me!



(CHUCKLES) Well, some folks like it. And alligator hunting's permitted in some of the smaller ponds and rive bottoms, in the Forest. There's other good hunting too, -- deer and ducks and wild hogs and smaller game. The Forest Service is looking after the wildlife on the Ocala, just like all the other Forests -- part of the Ocala is a game refuge, and other parts are open to hunting. -- And we've got some interesting wildlife down there. too. Take around Zay Prairie Lake, for instance, -- that's a beautiful lake and you can drive clear around it -- like as not you'll see several kinds of wild ducks on the lake, or run onto some deer or wild hogs back in the woods. Then you'll see big cranes and herons in the marshy places, waiting there patiently 'till a frog or a small fish comes in reach. And there's a bird they call the Mexican cormorant or water turkey, that you can see, sitting on an old small with its wings half spread out. And gray and black squirrfrisking about in the moss covered trees. There's wildown and a few panther back in the deeper jungles, too, but you needn't be scared of 'em. (CHUCKLES) -- except I'd advise against trying to catch any of 'em by their tails. Don't worry - we won't.

MARY:



Well -- along with the fishing and wildlife, the Forest Service is building up the timber growing possibilities on the Ocala, and developing the recreational facilities, and all the other resources, so that the Forest will helm to support local industries on a permanent basis - and mage a continuing contribution to the economic welfare of the communities. You see, we're building up the resources and values down there on land that was once pretty much depleted of all its values. When the National Forest was established it was pretty much waste land, but we're building it up as fast as we can. -- It's an interesting Forest - (CHUCKLES) I reckon I could go on talking about it the rest of the night but I seem to be kinda getting behind on the popcorn. Here, have some, Mr. Robbins.

MARY:

JIM:

Thanks. -- Mmm. -- That's good corn. Looks like you've the the right technique when it comes to popping corn Mary.

MARY:

I think it always seems to pop better on a cold night like this.

BESS:

It's a crisp, cold night, all right. I guess it's quite different here from the Ocala National Forest.

VOICE:

I'll say. We sure get plenty of cold weather up in this neck of the woods.



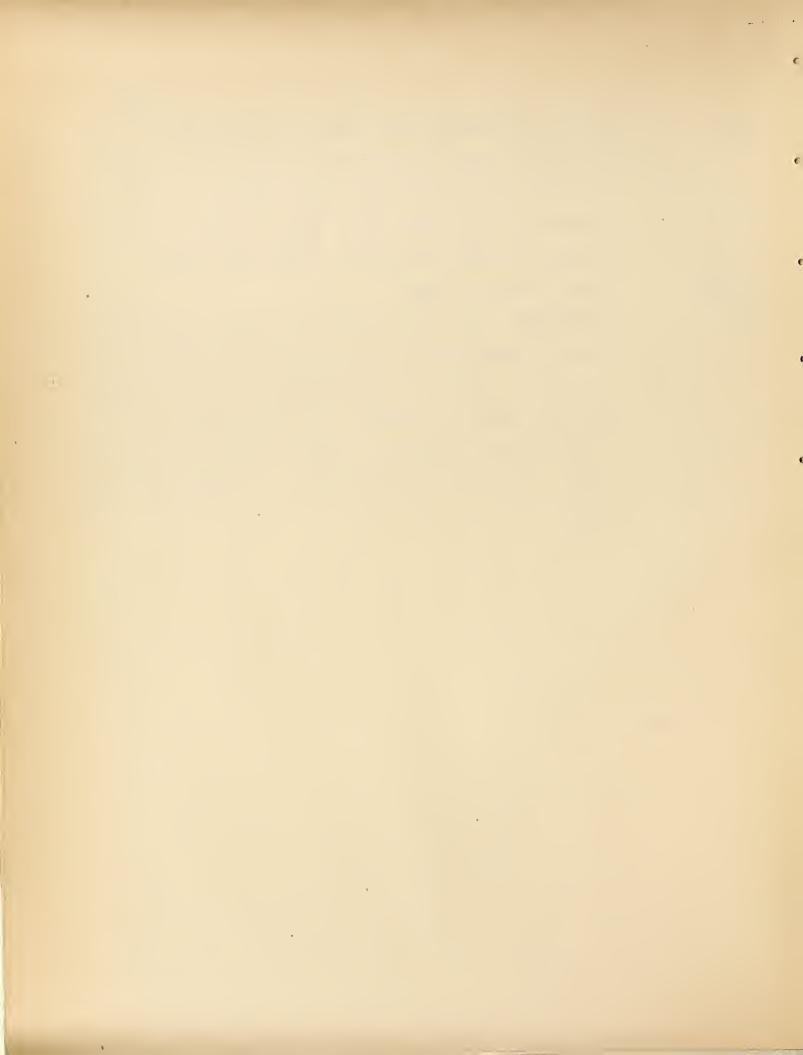
Oh now, it aint so bad, compared to some places. Up in the high country, right here in the Pine Cone District, she gets a lot colder than this, you know. And the snow's come earlier and stay later. Makes it hard on the boys working up there, with such a short open season.

VOICE:

Yeah. I guess it does.

JIM:

(CHUCKLING) I'll have to tell you about the "poem" one of the boys wrote during a long spell of bad weather. It was John Gill, one of the Forest Service boys on the Routt National Forest in Colorado. He was working on a trail-building job up on the Hahn's Peak District, and his poem — he called it "The Storm" — it went something like



We were crowded in the bunk-house;

Not a soul did dare to sleep.

Twas midnight up at Three Forks,

And the snow was six feet deep.

When the storm was over
And the sun began to shine,
We schoped show off the cattle
And they were looking fine.

Then we lifted our arms to Heaven;
Said: "Thank God for just one thing Today's the glorious Fourth of July,
And it won't be long 'till Spring."

(LAUGHTER)

ANNOUNCER:

Ranger Jim Robbins sure took us around today. -- And -- De Dack with Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers on the air again next week.

This program is presented by the National Broadcas Company, with the cooperation of the United States Formula Service.

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